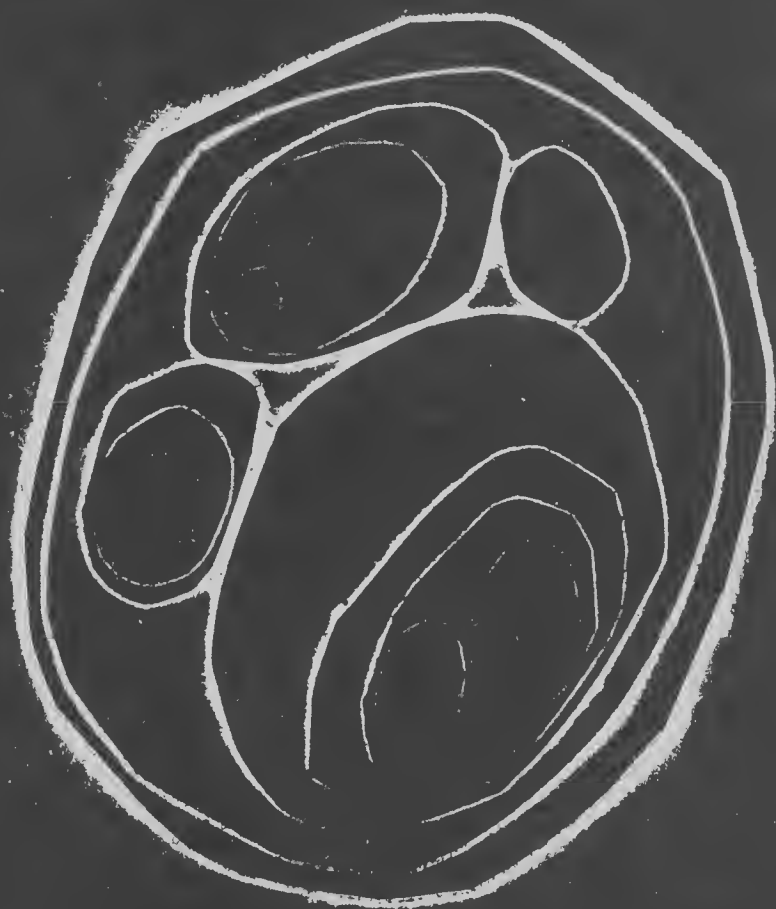


PULPINSIDE 3



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The Gateway Gang and a cast
of Thousands.

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COVER THIS ISSUE: Dione Colwell.

Shirley Neuman:

Art Tunn

*A melody is heard, played upon a lute. It is
small and fine, telling of grass and trees
and the horizon. The curtain rises.*

*Before us is a bedchamber in Westminster.
The sole piece of furniture is a huge brass
bedstead, surrounded by royal purple
curtains. The curtains are closed. Be-
hind the bedchamber, what is known as
the Jerusalem room can be seen. The
tall, spiritual masses of Westminster Ab-
bey tower on all sides of the stage. The
entire setting is transparent. The front
of the bedchamber extends into a large
apron. As the curtain rises, the melody
of the flute rises to delirium. Clarence,
Gloucester and Warwick enter. They sol-
emnly march to the bed where Clarence
gives the drawstrings a vigorous tug. The
curtains whip back to reveal 2 Henry IV,
Act IV, Scene v in delirium.*

HENRY: Hey, stop the noise. I want to hear
music, not your racket. I want to hear
Hal play, d'ya hear.

Hal enters with his lute.

HAL: How's Pop?

GLOUCESTER bowing: very ill.

HAL, *sitting down to play*: Has he heard the
good news yet? The war in Korea has
been postponed. We can quit worrying
about the Yankees for a while again.

CLARENCE, bowing: He became much
worse when he hear it.

HAL: Goddam, that's too bad. Poor guy,
we gotta do something for him.

HENRY, *in a weak voice*: Play for me, my
boy; that's all I ask. Just play for me
like you used to when you were a kid
and everybody liked to hear you play.

*The courtiers sneak away. Hal begins to
play, talking to himself all the while. The
king stares at him fixedly but does not
appear to be breathing.*

HAL: Why, there's the ol' man's crown lyin'
on the pillow. *Dreamily*, I took that
crown once. The ol' man was kinda

Death of a King

Certain Public Conversations in Two Acts and a Requiem or A British Tragedy

proud of me, I think. Sure is a heavy thing. Like the man wearin' it would have lots of worries and responsibilities. Yeah, it sure must be a big job. Now he looks at the king. With real fear: Jesus, Pop is dead. He puts down the lute and holds his hand in front of Henry's face. I can't feel his breath. He really is dead. Who would've thought it. He looks at the crown again and takes on a new dignity. This crown is my inheritance. I am King Henry V. Puts on the crown. There, there it is, the crown that God protects. The whole world can't take it from me. He runs back and stands in front of a mirror in the Jerusalem room, admiring himself.

HENRY, starting up: Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

The courtiers rush in.

COURTIERS, not in unison: What's the matter?

HENRY: Go find Prince Hal. He has taken the crown from my pillow. I want you to bring it back. *Exit Warwick and Gloucester. Henry continues musingly:* He stole the crown once before, I remember, he and that rascal, Falstaff. Took a lot of initiative, a lot of guts for a young kid like that to pull that kind of a stunt. *His voice is fading out:* But he's a grown man now; he should have put that sorta thing behind him. God knows I tried to bring him up to be a good king, to be a success . . . well-liked. *His voice rising again in his agony:* Clarence, you have a fine upstanding boy. Tell me, where did I go wrong?

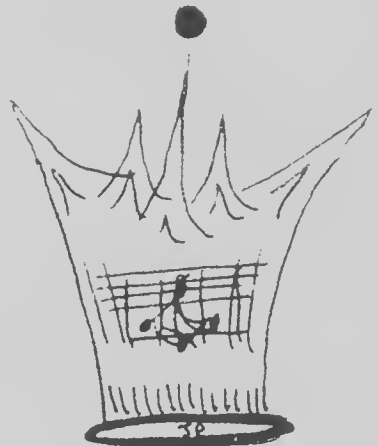
The light dims and comes up on the apron of the stage. Warwick, a much younger man than he previously appeared as, is seen carrying the crown on its gold-tasseled cushion across the stage. Gloucester accosts him.

GLOUCESTER: Where are you taking that crown, Warwick ol' boy?

WARWICK: The king asked me to bring it to him.

GLOUCESTER, amiably: Alone? He is getting trustful in his old age. Better I should go with you.

He falls into step with Warwick. As he does so, Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto leap out of the darkness. Falstaff falling against Gloucester's legs. They bind the two courtiers and begin wrestling among themselves, with many noisy exclamations, for the possession of the crown. At this juncture, Hal wearing a mask, jumps into the lighted area, frightening the thieves away. As they go, Falstaff drops the crown which rolls to the edge of the stage where Hal scoops it up. He places it nonchalantly on his head and struts off. The light dims and rises on the Jerusalem room where Henry is sitting surrounded by advisors.



FALSTAFF: And then these thieves attacked Gloucester and Warwick, ya see and I saw them and I tried to stop them but there were too many. Must've been ten or twelve of the devils. Anyway, just as I was beginning to get the better of five or six of them another one . . . One I hadn't seen before . . . jumped me from behind and laid me out cold. When I came to the crown was gone. That's all I know, I hope it helps.

HENRY: Friends like you are an invaluable aid. You may go now Falstaff.

Henry turns and sees Hal standing in the doorway with the crown on his head. The lights spot these two.

HENRY: Boy, where did you get that crown?

HAL: Well, I just sort of . . . kinda took it. Kinda as a prank, you might say.

HENRY: What in tarnation kind of prank is it that? Stealin' what your Dad makes his living by? What kinda prank is that, eh?

HAL: Gosh, Dad, there's this lady-in-waiting to the Princess, ya see? And I kind of like her; she's got . . . well sort of a nice shape to her. And I thought it might amuse her and . . . and make her respect me to see me wearing the crown. *Boastfully:* And it did too. She was real nice to me, real friendly like.

HENRY: The girls like you, huh?

HAL: Yeah, Pop. Yeah, I guess they do.

Henry rises, puts his arm around Hal's shoulder and they walk slowly downstage together.

HENRY: You're learning, you're learning, my boy. You gotta make sure everybody likes you. Friends are what's important

still hear him chuckling to himself. Did it for a prank, eh! And the girls like him. Great boy, that one . . . goin' to be a real success.

The lights come up again on Henry in his bed. He sees Hal, holding the crown at the edge of the room. Hal comes forward slowly.

HAL: Dad! I thought you were dead!

HENRY, *in a rage:* You wanted me to be dead, you bum you. Greed! That's what it is! Your father's only goin' to live a few more hours and you can't even wait to get your greedy little fingers on his crown!

HAL: Hell, Pop. I didn't mean it that way.

HENRY: You've never treated anything with respect and this just proves it. You're in such a hurry for me to die, why don't you go dig my grave right now? Go on, dig it! You bum, you're no good for anything, just no good for anything.

HAL: Damn it Pop, you stop that! It's all your fault, understand. Your fault!

HENRY: My fault! Because I tried to bring you up to be a good ruler! You're just no good, no good, get that!

HAL: Pop! What the hell do you expect me to do? *Breaking down, sobbing.* I'm



in this world, my boy. You know that, don't ya?

HAL: Sure Pop, I know that. I've got lotsa friends.

HENRY: Good boy. Remember Hal, I had to fight, work hard to get this crown for you. I lost lots of friends doin' it but I've made lots more since. And I did it for you boy, for you. When you get this crown people'll respect the name of Henry. You'll be liked, my boy, and if you're liked, you've got no troubles.

HAL, *squirring:* Sure, Pop, sure. Listen, I promised to meet this girl right away, see. I'll talk to you later, okay?

HENRY: Go on, boy, go on and have a good time. *Calling after him:* But don't go making that girl any promises, d'ya hear? You can do real well for yourself if you don't go makin' the girls any promises, real well. *As the stage darkens we can*

me, Dad, I'm just me. I can't be anyone else!

He is kneeling beside the bed, his head against Henry's cheek.

HENRY: What're you doin'? *Gently:* Stop it now, stop it.

HAL, *crying and broken:* I've gotta go. For Christ's sake lemme go. *He stumbles off the stage.*

HENRY, *his voice filled with wonder:* D'ya hear that? He loves me, he really does love me. *He struggles to rise and stands tottering beside the bed. As he takes his first step forward the music rises and we hear his call:* Hal, Hal my boy!

The stage is now completely dark and the music crashes down in a frenzy of sound as we hear him stumble after Hal and fall. The soft pulsation of a single cello string slowly dies out.

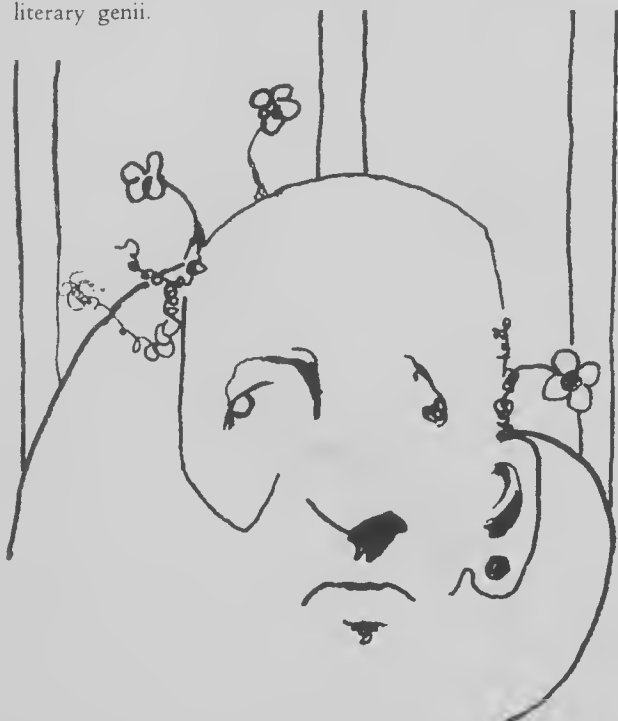
For some reason, poets and I don't see eye to eye. Maybe it's because it takes a lot of imagination to determine what it is that they are trying to tell you in their poems. When I read a poem, I always wish that the author would quit beating around the bush and get to the point. I was going to write a little article about the poetry in the recent issue of Pulpinside (by the way, did you read the little story entitled 'I have a silver in my finger?' Arn't we all looking forward to a follow-up piece, a series, perhaps? We would like to suggest the following titles as a start: 'I have a pimple on my nose', 'I have a hair in my pimple' and 'I have a point on my head'.) However, before criticizing someone else's poetry, I would first have to establish my own capabilities in the field. Far be it from me to be like the eunuch in a harem who has a hundred opinions as to how it should be done but who can't do it himself.

Never having written poetry before, I found myself confronted with a bigger problem than I had anticipated. The bookstore, however, saved the day for me. I picked up an eighteen page booklet (for \$10.05, it must have been on sale) entitled 'How to write poetry,' and quickly learned that none of the old restrictions continue to be valid. Meter, for instance, is of minor importance. Rhyme is plain old-fashioned, punctuation is a restriction of the reader's rights of interpretation and capitals are only used in the department of Germanic languages. Apparently, all one has to do is take any old sentence, preferably a vague, confusing one, and chop it up into various pieces.

With this fool-proof recipe I wrote the following poem, which I am certain will raise me to the ranks of Chaucer, Jon Whyte, Shakespeare and other literary genii.

Andy Kuiper: A Communication

- (1) i came to
work at eight that morning
first thing i no
ticed was the bursar walking
around in his shorts
leeved white dress
- (2) shirt you d think it
was summer. in walked
my secretary from
her ears dangled her mother
of pearl earrings.
she had a big chest
- (3) nut in her hand which i ig
nored. you look
well stacked
those ibm cards for me yet?
oh, you are
going to
- (4) get married really it s
no surprise to me i hear
you have a kid
sister with whom i would sin
cerely like to talk
would you like to have a pea
- (5) nut i asked her
she looked like hell
en of troy in fact
she was the loveliest
girl i ever laid
eyes on.



3 by peter montgomery:

—for patricia hughes,
my generous muse.

AND
SHE
COULD
NOT
SPEAK

I
Do not say I wandered
Do not say I slept
Do not say I day-dreamed.
This untouched photo is cowardice
It is a refusal
Without saying "no".

It was like a conversation
In a half crowded coffee house
With empty stools and benches
Here and there.
It was the freedom and courage to
Follow a form that is unconscious
But that beats the images to a pulpy consistency.
She said
And she was a warrior
She said the cloudy one had dreamed
And having dreamed had told.

II
Green in the soft light of a dawn
Green of the lawn as halo
In a green shade
The yellow one, the girl
The daughter
The prophetess; ageless, tragic sibyl
Stood

Waiting to be asked—
Held the pink violet as red crept over the sun
And sun and day were one
And sun and day
And sun
Answering the cloudy one.



poem - peewees - preface

Peter went, not this one, went that way
And Peter left
And from the backyard
And to the front of the grandfather house
And Peter had
Gone.
And the shade crept over the lawn,
The cloudy one
And out
And to the front
And up and down the street
And the street and the dream are one.

Chorus, chorus chanting to a setting moon
Chorus, rustle in the leaves that rustle afternoon
Chorus, alleluia
Chorus singing, chorus breathing
Breasts rise and fall
Throats tighten, throats soften
Amen
Amen amen
Amen.

III

It was a day
It was an early Juning Morn
When both ends of the street
Rose to meet
And twined around the other
End around end
Twisted ends over the eyes
Twisted as an entrance, cave-wise.

The cloudy one
The dreamer
(But do not call this a dream)
Pulled down the blind, to hide
In the black shade
In the cave which she entered.

She stood on the lip
Cave's lip
Dream's lip
And received this,

This she received:
(The sleepy arm's end of a clock
Point at half past a city block)
The silver, the screen is black and white
And white and black.

Black the cave's edge
Inside before the black pit
With the definite forms
Inside this definite pit.

And beyond, beyond was, was the plateau
Two figures standing
Standing on,
On it.
On
On the plateau
The priestess and the judge, or
The she-wolf warrior and the axe-man
The team.
Yea team?
The priestess stood to the fore
Stood before
Stood in front of the axeman, the judge
(And the daughter, the sibyl
Had foreseen and suffered all)
White and black
Hood and hood
Black, hooded axe-man at the back
Priestess in white, as a girl
Hood before hood
Gesture forgotten
Monument from no erection—
The blessing.

Acting
Stage acting
Playing a game
People in the pit
Provide them with fame.

When a hotel is insured
Who cares if it becomes
A holocaust?

3 by montgomery



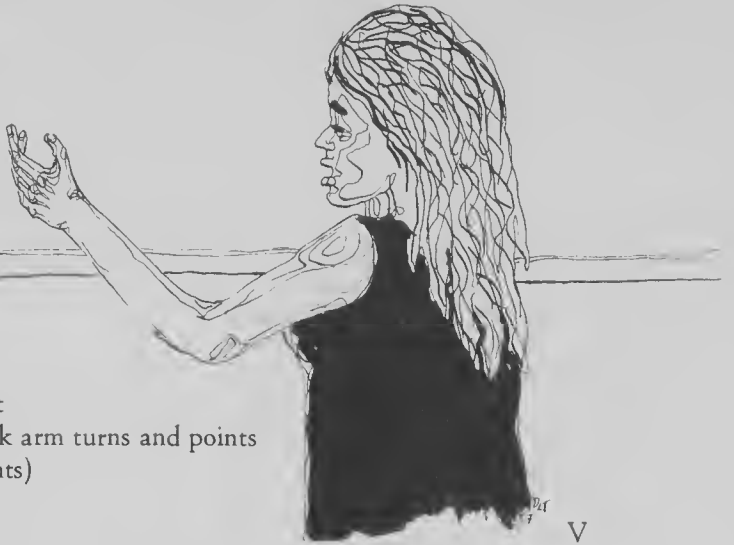
Hostel, hostel burring bright
In the marred, street-lamp lit night
(Through the streets the sleepy clock arm turns and points
The Lord regards whom he anoints)

IV

A son, a poet
Figured as one
As lonely,
Lonely as the cloudy one.
They who stopped to meet
Faceless, as if prepared to greet.
He, poet,
He who said
But could not know it,
Whom she asked
"Where
Where is he,
Peter, the one?"

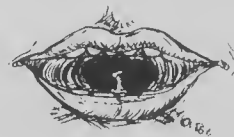
This she asked
After he, poet, took her home to coffee
And he
He sang
He said and did not know it
"Never you will," said he
(Or was it she?)

She, the dreamer
The cloudy one
(But do not call this a dream)
Followed the poet
To his own back door
For he had to leave.
She put out her arm
To stop the door. He, poet,
He closed the door
On her arm
Which dropped from its socket.



V

Timeless
The Queen, the wife of the poet
Entered the front door
Their front door.
God save our gracious Queen
Dressed in a square little
Violet dress
Shoulder to knee.
She
The Queen
(Not the cloudy one)
As high as a backyard fence
Whom the cloudy one
Minus an arm
Went to greet
Went to the front door to meet,
She,
The Queen
(Not the cloudy one)
Wondered and asked
What the matter was.
The cloudy one, one-armed
Gestured and opened
Her mouth
Opened her soul
To speak.
And she could not speak.



THE HARDENED SILENCE

3 by montgomery

Peewee Pornostrophe's Income Tax Deductible

A waste

A group of useless dreams

The coffee grounds and empty cans

In a stained, brown bag.

It was not the sweet sex ecstasy

But the Alexander glory of

Hail the conquering ego comes

My head dead on the hidden-feathered linen

The raw matter to be wretch.

And, and yet unwrenched.

Is the will of future satisfaction stomach sensible

Not to be accomplished, due to fear,

The guilt of lying?

The lie unhidden causing stammer

Paralyzes action.

Not conscience, but too much sensation

For an ulterior satisfaction

Before which

All other sins are baby suckers

And

What I

Have not said, nor felt, nor felt guilty for

The greatest sin of all.

In short, I do not think

I have enjoyed myself since I desired

To become a "man".

May be humiliated before,

Before the throne of cowardice.

I dream, I dream who will not work

Not think,

Would not define the sense-edge of a

Normal moment.

My dream destroys the honored time blessed sins

Of sexful lust, ambition, avarice, and superficial depofundity

For

I

Have a dream I do not wish fulfilled

Willed and unwilled,

My back over the bed stretched



To wish ourselves to be

What we would others should see us as—

To worship the mass god of "They"

What we think they think of—of us.

The little dreaming boy in bed

The coward playing in his head

The candle of desired presidential reverence

That I

Should speak.

That I

Should be

Who is honored.

These are not confessions, but essays,

Forays towards the definition of the gutter.

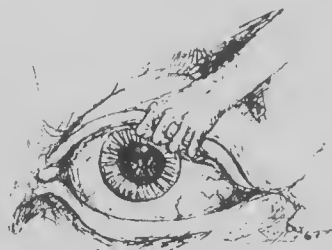
The innocent desires of evil

Covered by the lust for omnipotence

Of master love

I the master lover come

That the bullys of the block may bend



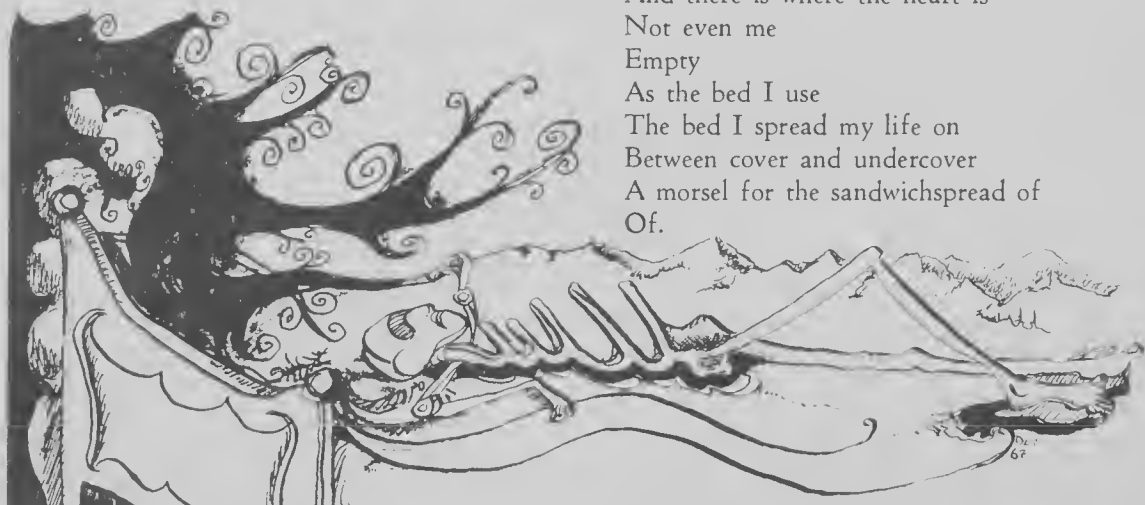
Peewee Seeks Courage

Me to distinguish between sight and touch
Let me feel!
Let my hands feel!
My eyes have felt enough.
They tire.
They desire to be guides only,
Not the suckers-in
For coward hands that hide inside the mind
And touch
What can, but can only, and only can be seen.
Some day I shall have lungs
And skin to go behind the scar
Above my ambidextrous eyes.
This is the heart that Walt built,
Please build me one for you.
The empty there I give to you
Which you can keep,
It is an over ripe banana very cheap
Senora.
Teach me to dream no more,
Open my eyes
What is your name,
Your last name?
Girl, your name?
What is the name of girl?
Teach



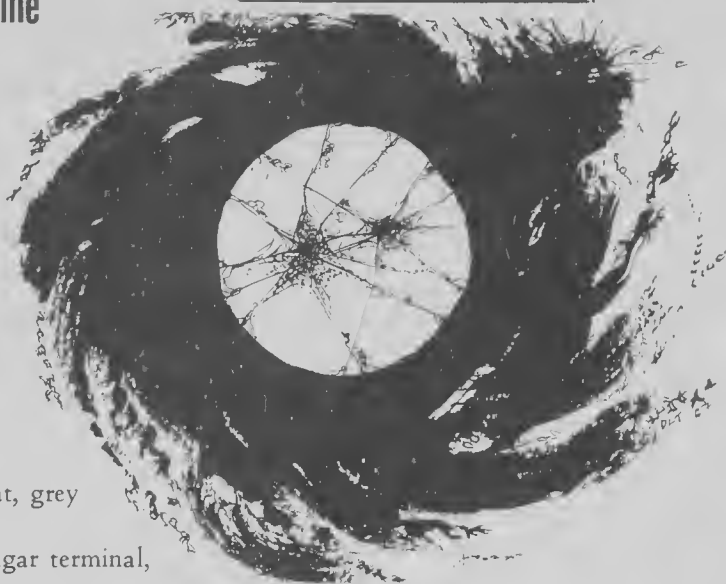
Peewee Seeks Courage Some More

And
And what do they think
What think really
Really see in me
See me as?
I do not think they notice me at all.
Am I a poster to be pinned up on a wall?
And do I
I
I think of them
Much?
Only as so-and-so
Who has this man's gift,
That woman's hope
For whom I have no scope at all.
They are not there.
There is no one there
And there is where the heart is
Not even me
Empty
As the bed I use
The bed I spread my life on
Between cover and undercover
A morsel for the sandwichspread of
Of.

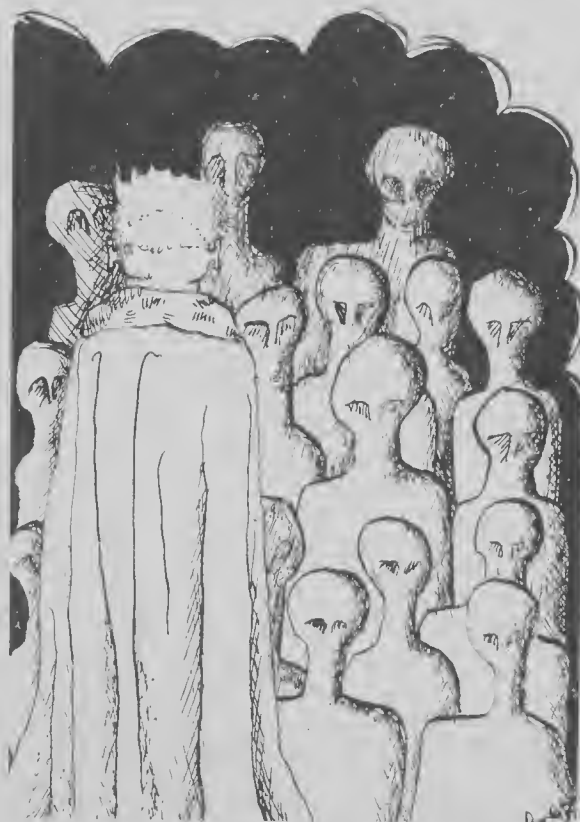


Peewee to the Waste Land Came

I. The earth
 At a distance
 Is a microscopic slide of
 A bluish—green spore
 Of mold,
 Sucking you in.
 Down you slide
 In a great curve inward
 To a shuddering
 Stuttering
 Conclusion.
 Eagle-like, flaps down
 And wheels set to pounce,
 The sarcophagus gathers in the flat, grey
 Runway, the tea tray
 Sharpe-edged with its cream-and-sugar terminal,
 Squared off.
 Out of the metal feathered monument you step,
 You my friend,
 Toward the places of the dry, grey pavement faces,
 Places where people play the game called god
 And God is plain.



II. Because I am not king
 I would be king
 And now there is no king
 I would be great.
 The glory of a thousand faces
 Dreaming
 Of a movie-star.
 The ghost inside a thousand skulls
 Behind a thousand faces.
 The fellow,
 The pretender,
 The double,
 Mon semblable.
 My lord you look not well today.



I, footman, I, your executioner
 Want your throne.
 But your throne is a tricycle
 Red beside a fire hydrant,
 Rampant,
 Yet riderless,
 A thing you cannot see
 From your sixteenth story window,
 Squared-off.
 Dream to be great
 Become dream to be known.
 Dream of soft violin in
 Slender candle light.
 Where four lips meet
 And four eyes close
 And four arms round a little sleep, nose to nose.

3 by montgomery

III. The drop of wax slips slowly, green and blue,
Down the candles,
Shudders at the bottle's lip,
Grows big with clear, warm liquid,
Spills over the edge,
Clinging down the bottle's neck,
Leaving a trail over the label,
And drips in quick, successive spluts
Onto the coffee table.

Around the sun the earth spins green and blue
And on the earth we sleep and eat and drink and screw.

Let us go then you and I
From the terminal where the planes line up
Against the sky, steel on blue,
Away from the shuddering conclusion,
The dry grey rendezvous.
Let us drive with the pavement in our faces.
What is that shadow sliding beside us?
What is that picture receding behind us,
Squared off?
The blank pavement behind our faces
The hardened silence
In cushioned places?

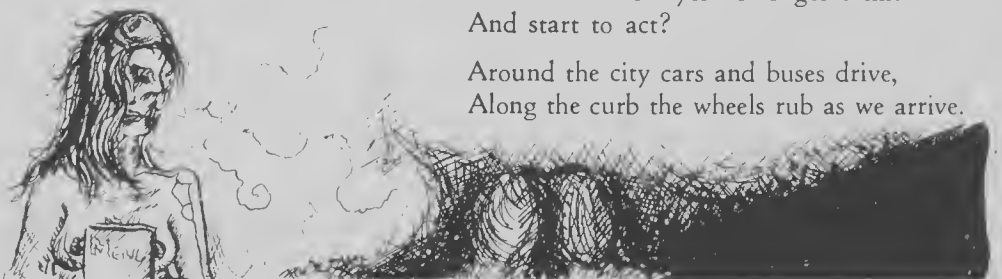
Silent in the pleasant cushioned dimness
Of a restaurant,
In a booth half-hidden from the munching cheeks,
We wait.
The whisper of a waitress
Standing pad in hand,
Held to hide her half-revealed breasts
Repeats the order:
"Shrimp chow mein, and coffee for two."

Around the earth the moon turns white and slow
And on the earth a city starts to grow.

In the half-light
Of a half-built building
Late at night,
Four shadows feel along the ribbed cement,
The massive skull
Half-rimed by tiles and glass.
An arm is lowered to the dusty, concrete floor
Its fingers clutch and form a fist
Around the handle of an iron lid,
And lift it from the lip that holds
The squared off darkness of a tunnel leading down.

Eight hands and shoes clutch and step
Down rung from rung
And land in darkness narrow, leading on.
In a slow stepping crouch
With hand along the cold rough wall
Touching out —
This is the face, out-faced by many eyes,
At last out-faced by nothing but the dark.
These eyes are forced to drink the black
When will these eyes no longer think
And start to act?

Around the city cars and buses drive,
Along the curb the wheels rub as we arrive.



Requiem for Pornostrophe

(Stickshift: I do not want to believe that the rejection
of Pee wee, that the world without Pee wee
is an obscene gesture of despair.

High-torque: Go stuff your father's ass with feathers.

LINES FROM The Ritual Murder of Pornostrophe)

Nightward

When the stark streets lie

Naked

Listening to the grey light

Of a moon-lark's cry.

Bedward

When the bend of arms begin,

Broken

In caress, and backs become

The sea beds of a tide of hands.

Loveward

Where the fingers eye forces

Homeward

Archer's axle, spun in the honey

Of a fly-wheel's buzz.

Downward

Downward

When the drapes deepen night's

Dampened

Shadows into shapes of sky

And morninggales crow their fright.

Cityward

The cars stop and glide,

Start

And park in the stalls

Of sky-cliff caves.

Homeward

When the death of lover's cry

Shrieks

Louder than the sunlark's sky,

Shrill to the bathrooms of our discontent.



(Note: some strange person
has buried Pee wee
under the sidewalk
that fronts the Northwest
corner of the Agriculture
building)



Preface

MOOSE ME NO MOOSE

T. S. Eliot's present unpopularity, especially among the cynics, makes me all the more glad that his work is a part of my imagination. Eliot once said that "the interest of a performer is almost certain to be centred in himself: a very slight acquaintance with actors and musicians will testify. The performer is interested not in form but in opportunities for virtuosity or in the communication of his 'personality'" I suspect that same also applies to critics, egg-heads, and published scholars. The performer performs in order to be known (unless he is a genius, in which case applause is to him part of a ritual, or at least a reassurance). Should one condemn the desire to be known? Is it Vanitas vanitatum? Perhaps, and perhaps not. Understanding is of more value than moral judgement. It could possibly be that phonyism is a valid posture in a world of strangely bent limbs. Let those who are straight cast the first scruples, the crooked old men are made of rubber and can take it. Moose me no moose.

Glory, glory, glory. To be known. This is the ultimate in acting. To be known is to be worshipped; to be worshipped is to create in the minds of the innocent, the unknowing knowers who give the glory. Regardless of what movie or play it was that made Richard Burton famous, it is now Burton who makes the movie known. Burton merely sticks his ugly physog in front of a camera and grunts. The less he acts in the traditional sense the better. The more he is merely himself the better. Oh what a Kennedy is this to fill the moose's mind with shapes of bliss. Oh what a glorious pain in the neck to have looked up to such a master moose.

The neurotic moose master is one who would have people think he performs for the sake of performing, who would have people think he wants only to be a poet or actor, or whatever. The real moose master is one who admits that he wants only to be known. The master of moose masters is one who does not care what people think, and performs, as it were, only by accident.

What a most sensible and sensate posture, being known! What other way to exist in

a city of communication than by being known! To be known is to be present. To be present is to have a name and a hazy, partially defined image that is always changing. (These are not really my words but only my concurrence with McLuhan.) People should be and indeed are being paid for being known. Look ye! This is my image. Take and eat. All those who want to be known should be known. It is their admission that all they have to give is their presence, and they should therefore be allowed this act of charity. What better way to satisfy the mother passion in this female world! What greater honesty than such a desperately obscene gesture. There is only one posture more advantageous in the communicate city and that is to be unknown in order to operate freely. There is at least one less advantageous posture and that is to be unknown in order to be cut off from the city altogether. Another posture that is of no value what-so-ever is to be known in order to hide one's real self behind one's image, to be present and yet withdrawn. To deliberately hide is a sin in the city. To avoid notice is senseless, insensate. To lack the need to be known, however is the greatest city happiness.

If, then, what a performer really wants is to be known, he should cease to be a performer and seek only to be known. City glory is by no means a fruit of action, it is an end in itself. L. B. J. plays the role of Lyndon Johnson not on the stage, but in the living room. The audience is now on stage and the performers fill the auditorium. James Joyce said "My consumers, are they not also my producers." Peewee Pornostrophe, Peter Montgomery, Samuel the timid Lion Tamer, and Michael da Vita are different postures of one presence, as are Old Possum, T. S. Apteryx, and T. S. Eliot. The former makes the claim of being a man of leisure, the latter a man of letters. If any art has been accomplished by either it is purely by accident, even though the accident be deliberate.

To desire to impress is not to desire to be known. The known expresses, and ex-

presses only his image, only his presence; he has no talent. The person with talent, the real impressor is of little value in the city. Talent is a valueless commodity. Let us leave talent to the ambiguities and impressions of Nineteenth Century writers like Tennyson, Melville and the Black Mountain poets, to the Victorians with their talent for purity, and the puritans with their talent for bloody victory. The impressor is a puritan, an adulteror. One who is known, however, is a delectante, a barbarian, a Sweeney, a Tyro. The impressors are at one end of

the campus, the barbarians at the other. In between lies an amorphous mass of moose. Impression me no impressions. Ambiguity me no ambiguities. Moose me no moose meat. Ah dead poet, now I know thy saw has won:

(The lengthened shadow of a man
Is history, said Emerson
Who had not seen the silhouette

Of Sweeney straddled in the sun.)
Let the sigma of the known be an invisible,
a silent speaking, a decaying moose.



The Haircut . . .

His timing
so almost always accurate on weekdays
by Saturday
knew perfection.
Like a fettered race-horse
ignorant of its rider
he fussed and frolicked
feigning a route to the barber shop door
till he knew it had closed.

He scowled aloud
and kicked the lumpy snow
his inner giddiness
denied its solemn sound
shattering and scattering
into small grey mounds
my poor vain Tiger.

. . . by Jo Fisher

His arrival home
normally so noisy and pronounced
with boyish wham
quietly proclaimed his guilt.
He fumbled
mumbled an excuse
stammered an apology and fibbed
till stuffed with fibs
like raisins in a pudding
swell until they burst
he thundered
Debbie likes me as I am.

He sat at last
reluctantly
upon the kitchen stool
and watched his hair
fall straight and black
like pebbles in a pool
my poor striped Tiger.

Anthropophagi

Two Stories by Gordon Auck:

I: The End

(with John Makowichuk)

It says in the paper she died of a heart attack. I guess she probably did. I'm not too sure about that. But there was more than that. They didn't tell the whole story. But I don't suppose that is the kind of stuff that they put in the newspaper.

I was her newspaper boy. She was a nice old lady. She lived alone in a little old house down on the corner of Elm Street. I guess she was a little lonely. She used to ask me in quite often for a glass of beer and some cookies when I brought her paper. We used to talk about almost anything and for a little old lady she sure knew alot about car racing. We used to sit and talk about the latest Grand Prix and how many points each of the drivers had and who was winning.

I felt kind of funny in the house because she had all these cats. About thirty of them I guess. She knew all their names. She used to pretend to scold them if they'd

chew at my shoelaces, but you could tell that she really loved all of them. One or two were always expecting kittens so you never really knew how many there would be. They were usually pretty quiet. She kept them pretty fell fed. It must have cost quite a bit for food. Thirty cats can eat a lot of food in a day.

A policeman was at her house one day when I delivered the paper. He gave her a summons because she was breaking a law. She showed me the summons. It said that no one was allowed to own as many cats as she had and that she was going to have to get rid of most of her cats.

I never saw anyone around the house and I think those cats were about the only friends she ever had. Her husband had died a long time ago, or maybe she never had one. She never said. But I could tell that she would do almost anything to keep her cats.

A couple of weeks later she told me she had talked to a lawyer. He said that there was a way but it might take a long time and cost a lot of money. It was something about the law being wrong. It didn't sound like there was much hope to me but I guess I probably didn't understand it all anyway.

One day I came by the house and she seemed happy. We opened up her newspaper on the living room rug and she showed me the article about her winning the court case. There was a picture of her sitting in her favorite rocking chair with the cats all around her. It was a pretty good picture. You could even see from her face in the picture that keeping those cats meant a lot to her. She told me about how the law was wrong at times but how things usually worked out in the end. She figured life was pretty good to her.

A little while later she died. I'd noticed that she hadn't been picking up the papers from her porch. After a week, I began to

think something was funny. She never usually left the house for more than an afternoon. A couple of days I tried the bell, but she never answered. That Saturday I tried the door. It was unlocked. I opened it and put all the papers in the hall closet. I noticed that the cats were making a lot of noise. Usually they were pretty quiet. I walked in to the kitchen. She was in her favorite rocking chair with her back towards me. I called out her name as I touched the back of the chair. She started falling forward. Two cats jumped from her lap. She twisted to the floor, landing on her back. Her face had been eaten beyond recognition. You could still tell where the eyes had once been, but the rest of her features had been eaten by her cats. Her stomach was laid open and the guts were sticking out.

That's the part they didn't put in the newspaper. But I guess that's the kind of stuff people don't really want to hear about anyway.

II: The Conversion

Warm Italian sunlight shone down on the abbey courtyard. Two brothers emerged from the shade of an olive tree and walked across the hardened soil and into a dark hallway. Their sandals padded softly on the tile floor.

A band of sunlight escaped from under an office door and lay taped on the floor. Inside the office a fat abbot sat with his feet on the large oak desk, his pudgy hands floated on his bulging stomach. He sat gazing out the window: in the valley, the steel river lay welded to the flat green valley floor.

A bell began to ring.

The door flew open and a tall monk stepped into the office and closed the door behind him.

"Well, he just about caught you Brother Roger." The abbot grinned.

"Yes" the other panted. He opened the door a crack, stuck his head out and glanced both ways down the hall. He closed the door and walked to the window.

"What time have you got?" he asked.

"Two minutes to two."

"So have I. The prayer bell isn't supposed to go until two."

"No."

"That can really catch you off guard. Who's on bell shift this week?"

"Brother Paul."

"His watch must be fast. I think I'd better talk to him."

"I already have. There is nothing wrong with his watch—he is doing it purposely I think."

"Well that's awfully sadistic isn't it?"

"I'm afraid Brother Paul is my burden in life. Every abbey seems to have one troublemaker. I've talked to the other abbots and they all have the same problem."

"It's too bad we couldn't put them all together in one abbey—they are such a trial."

"It is a problem. I try to be a good abbot. But it's not good for an abbot to be seen wandering around during prayer time and it's very difficult if they ring the bell

early. The first morning he caught me. I actually had to go to prayer. But that shows how I value my image."

"Well his shift is almost over."

"Yes, I suppose we will be able to relax again soon."

"I believe you wanted me for something."

"Oh yes Brother Roger. That's right. The abbey is in a very unique position this year."

"We won the raffle."

"No. It's something ever bigger than that. It's the Conversion Trophy."

"Really!"

"Yes. The abbey finds itself in a sort of different position—we seem to have an unusually high number of conversions this year."

"How did we do that?"

"Well I'm not entirely sure. For some reason converts have been unusually hard to find recently and I think that the other abbeys have had an unusually hard year of it."

"Are we going to be able to fill our quota?"

"Oh yes, no worry there—but we have a good chance of getting the most conversions this year."

"Well that would be great. It would really shock old Simon."

"Yes it would. But there is something suspicious going on."

"What's that."

"Well, Simon is the one who gave this tribe to us."

"Tribe?"

"Yes. I'll explain. He was given this tribe in Africa to convert but he gave it to us. He said he was tired of having no competition. Traditionally he always wins it and we always come in last. He said it would be a real push-over."

"Suspicious."

"I had to take the chance. If we actually beat old Simon I think he would actually start swearing right in the abbey."

"Where is this tribe."

"Oh right in the middle of the jungle."

"Right in the middle?"

"Completely isolated."

"Then they've never seen a white man."

"They don't seem to think so."

"Oh my."

"What's wrong."

"Well that may pose a communication problem. They won't speak the same language."

"By God, that's right. I never thought of that."

"Well I suppose we've overcome that before."

"Yes, true—No, not true, I can't remember any times we've overcome it."

"Well there's bound to be a few problems."

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"I'm sure we'll do all right though."

"Oh yes, I'm sure."

"Is there anything else you know about them."

"Well very little."

"You don't suppose they'd be cannibals do you?"

"Oh no."

"Well then we won't have any trouble."

"At least I don't think so."

"You mean you don't know for sure."

"Well Simon never mentioned it anyway."

"It sounds like a good thing not to mention. Did he say why he was giving them to you."

"No he didn't."

"And they're in the middle of Africa."

"Yes."

"A real push-over."

"Yes."

"No."

"No."

"I think you've been roped in."

"Yes, I think maybe we've been roped in."

"We may have some trouble finding someone to go in there."

"I don't think we'd better let it be known that they're cannibals."

"Well after all, we aren't sure they are, are we."

"True. So it may work out all right anyway if we can only find a volunteer."

"I think I just may have one."

"Already?"

"Ever heard of killing two birds with one stone?"

"Brother Paul."

"If I can arrange it."

"How will you get him to volunteer."

"Just appeal to him on a high philosophical level—you can trap anybody that way. He'll go."

• • •

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A bank of sunlight escaped from under an office door and lay taped on the floor. Inside the office a monk sat with his feet on the large oak desk, gazing out the window.

A bell began to ring.

The door flew open and the abbot stepped into the office and closed the door behind him. Panting heavily, he leaned against it.

"That's cutting it awfully close," said the monk behind the desk.

"Yes," the other panted. He stuck his head out and glanced both ways down the hall. He closed the door and walked to the large oak desk. Brother Roger brought his feet down and rose from the abbot's chair.

"What time have you got?" the abbot asked consulting his time piece which he kept in his large front pocket.

"Two minutes to two."

"I thought as much." He sat down heavily on his swivel chair and put his feet on the desk. "Just get rid of one guy who jumps the bell and another troublemaker comes in his place. An abbey is a perpetual vacuum that attracts trouble—ah, man was not destined by God to live in peace."

"Brother Jacob is back".

"Who?"

"Brother Jacob—that queer one."

"Oh yes. The one who went in to see how Brother Paul was doing."

"Yes, that's the one."

"Well, how is Brother Paul doing."

"Brother Jacob's report is vague to say the least," said Brother Roger leafing through several pages.

"But they didn't eat Brother Paul did they?"

"No."

"Well didn't I tell you Brother Paul was our man—that dear boy. I won the trophy. Simon is going to have a heart attack when he finds out." The abbot jumped from his chair and began pacing in front of the window, a smile on his face. "Oh this is wonderful, wonderful—can't you just see that trophy. . . ."

"I wouldn't get too excited if I were you."

"Why not—that tribe was cannabalistic?"

"Oh yes they were."

"Well in that situation either you get them eating out of your hand or you get them eating your hand. They either eat

you or join you."

"Or you join them."

"What?"

"That's the other possibility."

"What are you talking about—let's get this straight. Did Brother Paul convert them."

"No. They converted him."

"What do you mean."

"He eats people."

"Oh brother Roger tell me you're kidding."

"Nope. He's always been a gourmet. He finds people very tasty."

"Not that you fool—the conversion."

"We can't count them."

The abbot dropped to his chair and put his head on the desk. "Tell me you're kidding Brother Roger," he sobbed. "Tell me this is just another one of your practical jokes."

"I'm afraid it isn't."

"Oh no," he wailed pounding his fist on the desk. "It's all your fault. I told you Brother Paul was an incompetent. You lost the trophy. I'll be the laughing stock when Simon finds out. You fool—you blundering fool. I should send you into Africa."

"Yes sir, but Brother Paul said he would eat the next one who went in. He is sort of the king in there now."

"Then you're going for sure."

"Well there's one good thing about having Brother Paul there instead of here. . . ."

"No there isn't. His replacement is worse. Not only does he ring the prayer bell early—he's got a whole bunch of terrible tricks Brother Paul never even thought of."

"Well there's one solution to that problem."

"I'll keep you around Brother Roger. Every once in a while you show me that you're thinking."

"Thank you."

"But your solution is crummy. I can't send his replacement into Africa. I'm not enough of a gambler to see what the next replacement would be like. I'm being punished enough as it is."



RESOLUTION

standing
lone
with her long hair caught in the laughter of the teasing wind

transfixed
she never moved
except for the wind creating illusions of tremor

alone
 in the world's fog
 and lost of hope
 i watched her
 neither of us moving

then
 i walked toward her
 feeling intense
 as though the answer lay within her

the whole world
and all its truths
somehow was her countenance

i was captured

one lone tear
had frozen on her cheek
but when i touched her face to wipe away the tear
i felt the world
 marble

Four Poems by Ann Saville

THE FINAL ACCEPTANCE

i don't care
if the wind should come along
and break your glass bones and breasts

worms could eat your entrails
and feast on your 'forbidden' valley
and i won't care

you are not a woman
i was deluded

the sun could make your hair more golden than i ever knew
the stars could pluck the tears that lie so close to falling
my body next to yours
calling the pore to open and free the sensual heat
and your hips and inner fibres seeking me and mine
mean nothing to me now

can't you see
i'm not a bastard but a human being
and being one and the same
i take my leave to love another

a midnight sun
mirrored
as two lines met

a blue black cloak
that aurora broke open
in foggy awareness

a deep but half forgotten twinge

burned slowly
grew slowly

burned stronger
grew stronger

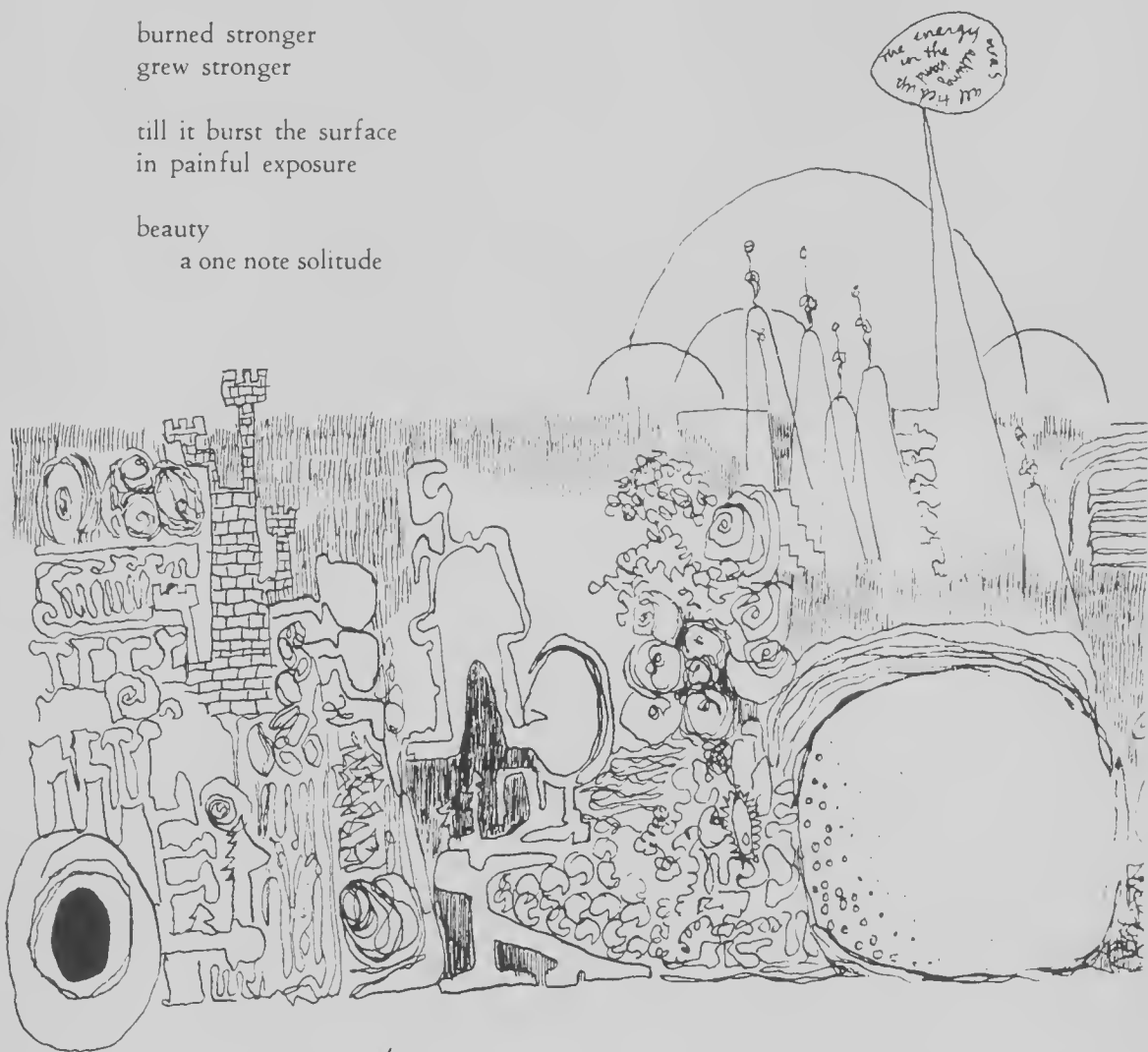
till it burst the surface
in painful exposure

beauty
a one note solitude

there are no summers left

the unicorn
has tasted the last honey
from the vine that creeps

the horn within the wall remains



the night under the grass



Two Night Songs

Foreword

*Gary
Willis*

I

He chafes the gears: my cheeks chafe when he's gone.
 This blouse, the embroidered panties I put on
 to please him—did he care?—now leave me cold
 and shivering, wiggling my cold toes; too old
 for teddy-bears. Dad's face scarlet with rage that night
 I asked why going steady wasn't right;
 'I was once young myself . . .' his puffed white fist
 pounding the coffee table; those girls that *he* kissed,
 did they feel blue? his nickname, that I learned
 from an old army postcard, how was it earned?
 I've hungered so long for what passed tonight.
 He doesn't love me. Fumbling with fire to light
 an oil lamp, carrying red wine from the car;
 an old black bearskin, trampled to the floor.
 When I was a child, Dad came to breakfast beating
 his bare chest like an ape; the porridge pot, heating,
 bubbled. I'm so exhausted, short of breath;
 if I got pregnant . . . squeezing me to death
 they tucked me in; and as I more and more
 slid down to sleep, light seeped below the door.
 as I was coming, she sat bolt upright:
 'What was that noise?' an owl shrieking for prey,
 a pinetree scratching the pane, a prowling bear . . .
 her skin was cold. Each night now as I lie
 shivering, afraid of death-white hands, I hear
 in a low hiss, 'That bugger! I wish he'd die!'

II

This road is endless: light blurs into light,
 long lines of streetlights. Something throbs in my brain.
 How long since she sat here beside me? hours?
 ten minutes? trapped at this wheel I've lost all track:
 her father, with his prosperous belly smack
 against his work pants, frowning, splattered showers
 of shavings in his basement shop tonight
 while she, upstairs, splashed powder. What could we say?
 I sat there, scanning his workbench. Fight after fight
 my father lost, looked scared and turned away,
 while Mom, in a frayed bathrobe and brassiere,
 barged through the kitchen, bellowing. What could I say?
 Five years of silence: Mother strangling her tears,
 blubbering that he was a bugger. The sky was gray
 with the drab numbness of dusk when the engine died.
 I wormed her key in the lock: the cabin door
 barged into darkness. This was her father's place:
 it was big, overbearing, stuffed with junk. Outside,
 I could sense the pike patrolling the weeds offshore.
 If Mom waits up for me . . . I can see her face,
 savage with anger: 'What is this? where have you been?'
 Nowhere, you bloodblack bitch . . .
 Nowhere, you bloodblack bitch . . . When I was fourteen
 Dad asked me fishing. Mother pronounced a firm no,
 her face clamped shut like a vice: yet I chose to go,
 and thought of—her face when, halfway up, Dad stopped
 to warm some beans, above the timberline;
 they bubbled, brown in the pot. His horse led mine,
 loosening the shale; down from her buttocks dropped
 bright balls, to crumble and rot where strawberries crawled.
 There were no trees here; the terrain was bald.
 He galloped beside a lake, rock-bottomed, gray;
 the lake was dancing, spiderwebbed with light—

four poems by john makowichuk

COMPARISONS

In the dark
I cannot see
For in the light
I am blind

In the quiet
I am deaf
For in the noise
I am deaf

In the pleasures
I cannot feel
For in the pain
I am numb

In the life
I cannot live
For in the love
I am dead

SONG IN AN EMPTY ROOM

I sing in an empty room,
My words echo back,
I don't hear them.

I cry in an empty room,
My tears stain the floor,
I don't see them.

I laugh in an empty room,
My laughter returns,
I can forget

MYSTIC MARION

I knew her as a child
that girl with the eyes.
I loved her as a young girl,
that girl with the pouty face.
Wander on poet, search for life!
She knew me as an unknown,
a boy with nothing to offer.
She loved me as a plaything,
that boy with a desire.
Wander further, search for truth!
I knew I couldn't possess her,
that temptress of raised eyebrows.
I ignored her as a tease:
That kept my soul intact.
Wander faster, life is short!
She felt the indifference of
that unreachable boy with a mind.
She could not try to break it,
the boy might reach her.
Wander, poet, time has passed!
I know her now as a woman,
that girl with the eyes.
I could not forget her,
that girl with the pouty face.
She knows me as the young boy
that was left unreachable.
She remembers only the past
that will permit no future.
Wander, time, things change!
I know myself as not the boy,
I am a very reachable poet.
She will know me as that man,
If the past is forgotten . . .
Wander, poet, Mystic Marion comes!
Mystic with the eyes,
Mystic with the pouty face

QUESTIONING THOUGHTS

How empty is it possible to be
How shallow can a human feel
How carvernous can the mind seem
How small can the body appear
How vicious is jealousy
How many blows can the soul take
How trusting is love
How does one manage to remain aloof
How can one leave himself open
How is consciousness unreal
How can the intellect make love of nothing
How can a person give all
How can he receive nothing in return
How can he find love in every word uttered
How is the blind man shattered
How does the same still love
How can he find a way out
How can he control something invisible
How can he not want out
How can these thoughts go unanswered
How can love know no reason

3 Poems by Bernie Goedhart

glass deceit

sometime then—
for a few whiles—
I found myself
in someone's words

but with the passing
of the moment
I lost my sight
and went back . . .

yet, deep down, I feel
all is not the same—
I'll know and be
sometime now.



sometime now

Your fingers grope
for the tiny paper
that I hold,
and for a second
they intertwine with mine.

In that touch
I give to you
more words
than any note
will bear . . .
but do you hear?

The man,
standing in the window,
clasps his hands behind his back
and looks out
on the world.

I wonder . . .
does he know,
or care,
that he cannot reach it
from his shelter?

Seven Poems

by Lola Maltais

O LOVE

where is my toothbrush
I want a smile that's right

a sparrow on a high wire
can I be so still

we are all products of our environments
a small hand-mirror costs forty-nine cents

laughter is free and I've been told
equally accessible (was it available)

artificial respiration is too overt
I'm hoping to find another way

do you care for spanish nuts
the salted kind

they're nice with champagne
genuinely french



POEM

I climbed
early this morning
into my head
is much as it was before
four people eating breakfast
together and I in my head

prostrate before the unrisen
sun the glare of an icy street
rolls aside and not so
very gentle

by noon
the sun's glare too
my somewhat de-
hydrated rye-and-cheese
sandwich gags me

HER (his)STORY

EXPORT: fortune cookies
the bus driver didn't smoke (eat).
exchanged for a poem
more or lest
an approach

spiritual is your wife
transcending herself before break-
fast as we are
of foot (it is said)
fleet

a time-
line the way we pass
along it
stray into the ditch, the grass
nature calls (it is said) flesh

VULNERABLE

love lies in Heaven
 you say
I can bear
you there
if you'll first bare
yourself permit me to
 see
you naked
to my fine eye
 care
 full of love-
 ly eyes
love lies



WELTANSCHAUUNG

I ensnare deliberate
you must be caught is
my orange world warm
 keep you

O
RANGE as high-pitched
as any high

I turn you on
purpose inside us clearly
imposition orange world holding
other worlds are objective
novelty bizarre

take me in orange gratification

FRICATIVE

produces (channels) turbulence
the articulator
point of articulation binding

semi- (Why) vowel
I (eye)

fricative again (How) precedes
pain (a gain)

(Louis Arm strong back
ground summerfallowed)

affricate is moment-
ary closure close to stop

free choice the fricative
(is tremble)
self, a ware.



OF HISTORY

France tilled 1000 yrs
gotta take yr cap off

Algeria strip
of dirty land

violence a tubercular
french algeria

an army shouldna lose its weapons

A ZYX of Canadian Literature

by Jon A. Whyte

Toast-textured pages crumble
like butted crusts at the edges
in a carcassian pale binding
faint gilt letters proclaiming
The Adventures of Nils
or some such title
and I visit the occasion
on the brink of adolescence
when I read the first turn of a book
discovering a boy
who had been carried away from his home
on the broad back of a gray goose
his scarf waving
and some four hundred pages in fantasy
found the book had not carried him home.



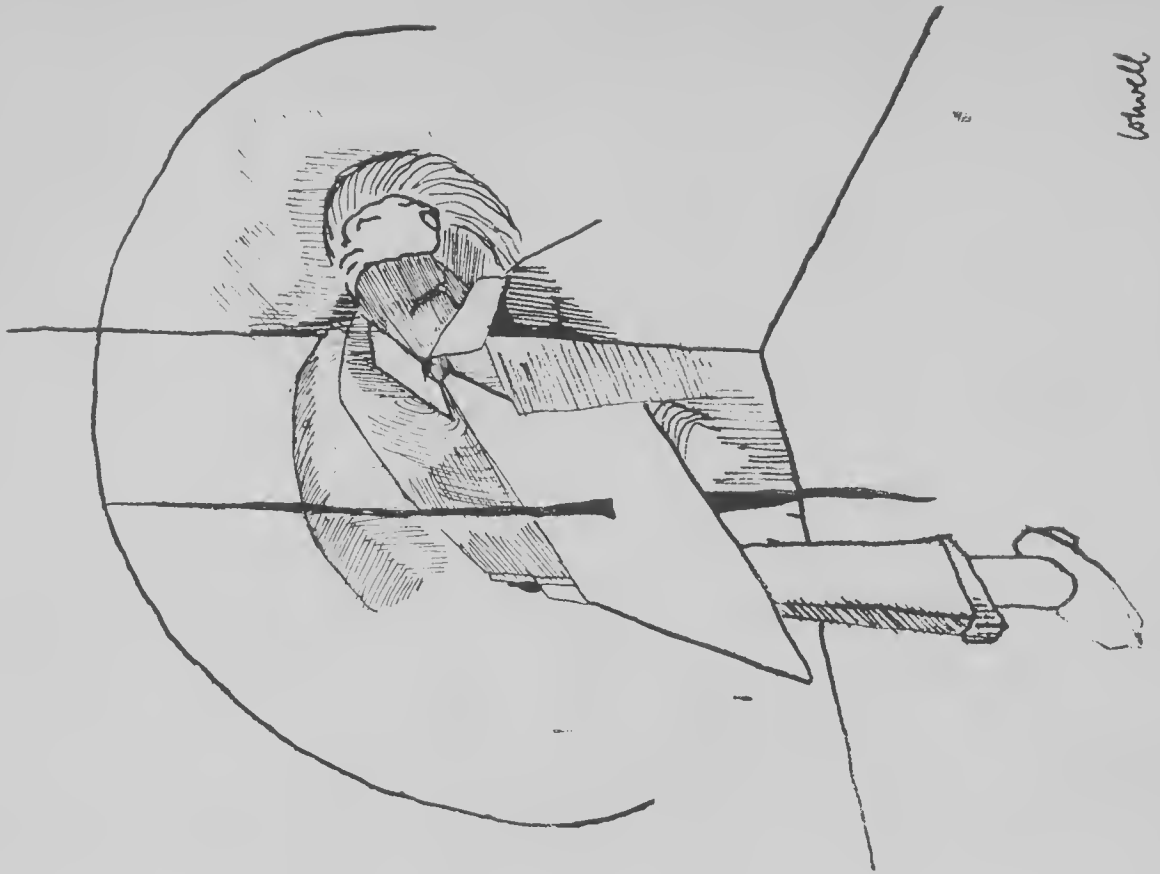
Sometimes in compensation I think
someone is reading or
attempting to read the companion
which I never found
the last volume of
Nils, His Adventures
and is wondering how
Nils had gotten so far from home
but is not reading deeper
because somewhere he knows
the first volume is hiding and he'd like to know
the whyabouts of the gray goose and Nils' wandering
but the volume is missing
and if we can't find the two volumes together
the crumbs in the binding will gather.

The future of Canadian literature,
 the gray counsellor speaks,
 begins in creating its past—
 I would see in Ottawa vast offices
 and stabling vacationing minds,
 an author-general appointed
 in order to direct
 with the Queen's authority
 those writers, the mathematicians' fabulous monkeys,
 to bridge the centuries' lacunae
 making up for lost aeons,
 bridge from the shores of Israel
 and the temples of Greece a causeway
 to the Grand Banks of the Newfoundland shore,
 manufacture an epic
 and people a land with bansheemen, lyricists,
 vagantes, minstrels, romancers, and jongleurs.



Most national literatures,
 the gray counsellor continues,
 are rooted in myth and perplexity
 in the tumescent soil of racial indignation;
 however, with Frazer and Jung,
 the primary mapping is done
 and the elements of the archetypes
 have been programmed into your typewriters
 in an attempt to hasten the matter.
 As John Barth did in the *Sot-Weed Factor*
 a comic epic manufacture
 you can sketch the epic tradition;
 such a necessity can as well be
 the mother of invention.
 Remember Virgil
 making up for Rome's lost time
 the song of Aeneas and the founding of Rome
 and employ those old Viking manuscripts
 that Farley left hanging around, mappemound.

The gray goose is flying
 and Canada still without
 even one mute inglorious Milton
 and Ontario barren
 of Chaucerian tradition.



The red capped jester
 bells ajangling
 danced to his feet
 and spoke of non-linear
 history made in religion
 reminding
 that the pull of ritual is
 toward pure narration
 and charted in
 tetradimensional diagrams
 the future path of belles lettres
 (bicultural), a flow chart for
 patriotography.
 Adaptable myths
 and just historiography
 suited for the antique
 and antediluvian
 writers who seek dispensation
 for recreating the rites of creation
 in meaningful Boreal terms.

There's no need to write of the future,
 the jester and counsellor in chorus,
 when the past is a vacant lot.
 Each moment is history
 total and relevant
 and the present is perpetual,
 (the Utopian present, of course)
 and the boys in archives and restoration
 can augment what is there when it's present.

On the back of the gray goose
Nils is still clinging
and cannot yet hear
the lyricists' singing.

When the first volume is wanting
the reader comes to the work
 with an attitude of wonderlust
and in bewilderment can he patch thickets
where he wishes, and creation is frequently myth.
But the red-capped jester, bells ajangle,
said we need a self-made myth.
 and if I'm not myth-taken
 he is right—
 the elements are all here,
 the archetypal nation looking for its
 archetypal self.
(Is it true that the anatomy of criticism
is based on a surgical analysis of Canadian politics?)

 Recognizing the mythos of winter
 our first epicist
 wrote a satirical
 historical panegyric
 in doggere
about love where the nights are long
and how Canadians
 in their search for a Culture
created new galaxies
 not dependent upon the Word
 and new schools of writers flowered.
O woodcock, spare that poetry
 and use a new alphabet
courtesy of reaney days and see the light
through new prisms
 in the deltas of your mistresses
and see that your mistresses
 are all French-Canadiennes
 and the true images of your subconsciouses
and the union of all our opposites
 will result in the greatest
 of *coniunctiones mysteria*
the world will ever see.

When the second volume is wanting
a reader finishes the first
with a mind to authoricide.
 O Canada! Thou art fortunate indeed,
 No second volume does your country need.
 Your authors live,
 Our thanks we give
 To keep them bold and free.
 They glean and write,
 They glean and write,
 They glean and write for thee.
But I am yet mindful of the poor lad Nils
who waits for his gray goose to return him
to home; and I would like someday to see
the second volume of *Nils, His Adventures*.

The Bleeding Pulp

This is the final **Pulpinside** this year, and I find myself caught without any touching Last Words to bring tears of sympathy to your purty blue eyes. And most of my space must be devoted to introducing all the great contributors who seem to have dropped from the sky over the past months.

So I'll confine myself to a few thank-yous: to the long-suffering men in the Print Shop (and good luck in your new building); to our contributors; to our well-wishers; to the Gateway staff for tolerating us underfoot; to the University for continuing to exist as a possibility at least; to Council for paying the bills; to all of you for listening.

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After all my insistence last issue that in the nature of things **Pulpinside** is bound to be full of trash, it comes as quite a let-down to put out a double issue absolutely loaded with Quality and Distinction. . . . We kick off with a double by **Shirley Neuman**, who somehow manages to weld together the death-scenes in Shakespear's **Henry IV Part One** and Arthur Miller's **Death of a Salesman**. My heart sprang up when I beheld Andy Kuiper's communication; it's not often that somebody who doesn't think he's writing a poem actually does write one (though the reverse process is pretty frequent). . . . Then follow ten pages of purest **Peter Montgomery**. Mr. Montgomery is a grad student in the English Department, and well known in local theatrical circles; he has just finished directing a new play by Wilfred Watson at the Yardbird Suite. A number of Peewee Pornostrophe poems were printed last year in **Inside**. The long first poem in this issue is dreamlike for a good reason—its details are largely taken from a dream dreamed by the poem's dedicatee. In his final essay, Mr. Montgomery pledges his loyalty to the memory of the late T. S. Eliot, on whom Montgomery has written his Masters thesis and whose influence shines benignly through all

Montgomery's poetry. . . . On a more domestic front, Jo Fisher, housewife, student and (obviously) writer, renders her chosen situation with clarity and directness. . . .

Gordon Auck returns with two stories designed to convince you that eating people is fun. . . . **Anne Saville** is in her final year of a Phys Ed program and writes, to my mind, intense, beautiful verse. . . . **Gary Willis** is another English Department grad student; these "night songs" are half of a projected four-section poem, drawing stylistically on Lyndon Johnson's least favorite living American poet, Robert Lowell. . . .

John Makowichuk is in sci 1, and developing fast as an interesting poet. All the irony in "Mystic Marion" is intentional, by the way. . . . **Bernie Goedhart** is in arts 1 and gateway 1, the latter taking up most of her time. Her poems are small, feminine and delightful **Lola Maltais** is one of the few people around here to have taken cognizance of what's been happening to North American poetry in the last ten years—the school of verse that has been associated with the now defunct Black Mountain College where such men as Charles Olson, Robert Creeley and Robert Duncan rubbed shoulders in the early fifties. . . . **Jon Whyte** is probably convalescing as you read this from his stint as Literary Seminar chairman for Second Century Week. He and Bill Winship were responsible for the inauguration of this magazine some three years ago. The campus won't be the same again after his departure this summer, and the debt this university owes him is huge—I can think of no-one who has made a more sustained and significant contribution to student life here. His present long poem mulls over that great mulling-ground, Canadian Lit; but he finds room for geese as well as the great grey figure of Northrop Frye, Canada's most famous literary critic (if we agree that Marshall McLuhan is something else). . . .

And so to bed.
